

MR. RILS' REVENGES SLUMS OF THE CITY

Alleys and Blind Streets of Capital City Characterized as Worse Than Whitechapel.

INFANT DEATH RATE TRULY APPALLING

Fight Against Bad Housing Conditions Theme at Annual Meeting of Associated Charities.

"I am not easily discouraged. But I confess I was surprised by the sights I have seen in the National Capital.

"You people of Washington have alley after alley filled with hidden people whom you don't know.

"There are 298 such alleys!

"They tell me the death rate among the negro babies born in these alleys is 457 out of a thousand, before they grow to be one year old. Nearly one-half!

"Nowhere I have ever been in the civilized world have I ever seen such a thing as that.

"These people live in pigsties. They live there because some man would rather have 25 per cent profit than keep his soul.

"Where does the blame lie? With the man who owns the house, you will say. But it lies equally with the community which permits him to use his house for such ends."

This indictment of a community which "has no slums," this astounding disclosure of a condition not paralleled by the equal of New York or London or Paris, was the key last night to one of the most remarkable meetings held in Washington in many years. It was the judgment of a trained mind delivered after a trip through the Capital and expressed with manly courage and plain speech to an assembly of representative Washingtonians, in the auditorium of the First Congregational Church. When the speaker paused, looking impressively from one side of the room to the other, this gathering became a sea of upturned faces, white with amazement and horror and a new purpose born while the speaker's arraignment still rang in the air.

The occasion was the annual meeting of the Washington Associated Charities. For eight years—since the reorganization of this work on the basis of systematized giving—these meetings have acquired more and more public interest. But it is much more than whether any succeeding session of this body will present the union of momentous subject, interested auditors, and ardent advocacy which marked this session of yesterday.

Jacob A. Rils was the speaker. His subject is fairly defined, probably, as "Washington Slums Versus New York Slums." And the disclosures he made to his Washington hearers were so startling that every sentence was heard intently and every picture viewed with acute but apprehensive interest.

Anxious to Hear Rils.

Many circumstances whetted the desire of the community to hear Mr. Rils. It was known he had himself lived in the New York districts of which he was supposed to speak. His record as a fighter against disease and vice and the housing which fostered them were matters of general knowledge. A book he had written, "The Making of an American" had told the story of his own struggle against tenement conditions. He had, moreover, fought these conditions by the side of President Roosevelt.

But the chief interest in a strong sense of local pride and the intuitive curiosity bred by that pride to see Washington through eyes familiar by long acquaintance with the lowest sections of other cities.

The officers of the association shared in this curiosity and dispatched the routine affairs of the annual meeting with all proper celerity. Judge A. B. Hagner, who presided, Secretary Weller, Treasurer John Joy Edson, and S. W. Woodward, chairman of the committee on improving housing conditions, all spoke as briefly as the several reports they had to make would permit. The association then re-elected its old officers.

With that the meeting was practically adjourned. The vice presidents and the three District Commissioners—Mr. Macfarland having been absent—were then Mr. Rils—lifted their chairs from the platform and sat where they could see the guest of honor clearly. The hall, already filled and overflowing into G Street, was further packed by the admission of many who had waited more than an hour at least, and the assembly became not an association assembled to hear reports and adopt resolutions, but an audience ready and eager to hear a lecture.

Refers to President.

"It has been pleasant hitherto," he began, with rather a sharp foreign accent, "to come to Washington, because I knew I should meet here that man who, when he came into New York, made all my ideals come out into life. When I met him things began to hum and come right where they belong, for all wrong before. But," he waited for a moment on the laughter and applause with which his hearers endorsed his estimate of the President. "But today my visit has been deeply saddened by the death of John R. Proctor, whom we buried this morning, and the sights I have seen in your city."

"I am not naturally or easily discouraged. I am always filled with a notion things will come out right. But I confess I was surprised by the sights I have seen in the National Capital. I have been accustomed to see only your handsome blocks, with the only your holiday city. Today I learned that these very blocks—some within sound of the

Capitol, some two squares from Dupont Circle—are rotten inside like a bad apple.

"New York housed so many of its 3,000,000 citizens in places where every influence tended to deprave the young that long ago it was called 'The Homeless City.' What a thought that is, in a republic, which is built on the home! When the fight was begun against those conditions in New York it was a fight for the republic, not only in our own city, but in all the land.

"Here in Washington I found alley after alley with people hidden so far that you who live on the outside of the same blocks do not know them. You have gossiped over, by your ignorance, a condition which cannot remain glossed over for long. Some day it will break out. After that will come the deluge in the violation of your homes. You can't distract your duty to your neighbor in this way without being in the end the greatest sufferer yourself.

Worse Than Whitechapel.

"Why, I never have seen places like those you have here. The only parallels I know are Mulberry Bend in New York and Whitechapel in London. Here and in Whitechapel—Mulberry Bend has been made into a park—you have alleys which are worse even than our narrow straight streets in New York. You have people shut off in them as though they didn't belong to you. In fact, they don't belong to you.

"There are 298 such alleys. They tell me the death rate among the negro babies born in these alleys is 457 out of a thousand, before they grow to be one year old. Nearly one-half! Nowhere I have ever been in the civilized world have I ever seen such a thing as that.

"When we arranged New York the showing in the death rate among the negro babies born in these alleys is 457 out of a thousand, before they grow to be one year old. Nearly one-half! Nowhere I have ever been in the civilized world have I ever seen such a thing as that.

"These figures make it clear that the battle with the slums harks back to Christianity and American citizenship. If you believe in the fatherhood of God you believe also in the brotherhood of man. If you believe in the brotherhood of man you can't degrade children, who are the citizens of tomorrow, to the level of pigs. One of these is the right to play. You must have a whole child, not a whole man, and a whole child cannot grow in a home where the death rate is one child in two before the end of the first year.

"In New York our fight depended upon an awakening of the consciousness and conscience of our own people. You have, or ought to have, the will of the people of the nation behind you. But what is everybody's business, perhaps, is nobody's business.

Blame of Owner.

"To fight your slums you ought first of all to acquire the right to deal with the man who insists on murdering your babies. If you have it you are sure to run against the same old cry of 'property rights.' What of these property rights? These people live in pigsties. They live there because some man would rather have 25 per cent profit than keep his soul. One-half your children killed for greed! For such a condition there's no defense.

"Where does the blame lie? With the man who owns the house, you will say. But it lies equally with the community which permits him to use his house for such ends.

"Life! Liberty! The pursuit of happiness! There's not a word there about the right of property holders to kill his neighbor any more with a bad house than with an ax in the street.

"If Congress is slow to act in supporting your fight, attack it at it in New York, after a ten years' fight, we have never found in the retrospect a single defeat which has not shown itself to be a substantial victory. Fight on! If only to meet defeat, fight on anyway! It is his fight who made this republic the basis of human freedom and the home and basis of the republic."

This incitement to remedy the slums of Washington as the slums of New York are being remedied, closed Mr. Rils' more formal address. The remainder of his talk, and it continued through the night, was a picture of the slums, weariness anywhere in the audience consisted of an informal description of the pictures displayed by the stereopticon. The plan seemed to be to substantiate the lecturer's broad assertions about the slums of Washington by showing photographs of buildings now used as human habitations and following those pictures by views of the slums against which Mr. Rils has been fighting in New York.

Four in One Bed.

The showing as to Washington was sensational. Rooms were pictured where four children slept in one bed; where the wind blew through naked bodies over slatted beds; where an old and crippled woman ran imminent danger of falling from a rotting porch because there was no railing. One building was shown with left for the penthouse, a brick tenement built on in the open with abundant space everywhere for separate homes and private playgrounds. A map of Willow Tree Alley—it looked like a section of bucked H—was pictured of the dwellings with lines and the announcement that this section rivaled London's Whitechapel, and was yet only two blocks from the Capitol, astonished the audience into complete silence.

Many views also, and Mr. Rils related, to illustrate the fight in New York further, many stories of his work in Mulberry Bend and along the East River. He could not resist a statement of his affection for the President and a display of the latter's portrait. Finally he brought his talk to a close by proposing the words of "America" and inviting the audience to sing that hymn with him before they parted. When the lecture ended, therefore, Mr. Rils' hearers went away not only impressed with the need for prompt warfare on the slums at their very doors, but aroused to full realization of the patriotism which lay behind the conflict.

Must Be Sold. Few Tons First Quality Anthracite coal, stove, egg and nut, \$6.25; pea, \$4 per ton, delivered. S. S. Walsh & Sons, 208 Florida ave. S. E.

NEURALGIA OF HEART CLAIMS DR. FICKLING

Dies Suddenly After Day in His Office.

DANIEL GRADY'S LIFE ENDS

Was Oldest Employee in Point of Service in the Government Printing Office.

Dr. Charles H. Fickling died suddenly last night at his home, 1518 Thirtieth Street, of neuralgia of the heart. Dr. Fickling had been complaining for several days, but was able to be out, and was at his office in New York Avenue yesterday.

Mr. Fickling had been in the real estate business for about fifteen years. Prior to entering that field he conducted a drug store in Georgetown. He was regarded as a man of unusual energy and was an authority upon real estate values in the District of Columbia.

Directly and indirectly, some of the largest deals that have been made in the District in the past ten years have been made through Mr. Fickling. He began his operations in Georgetown, and up to the panic in 1893 he was very active in the West End. Largely through his agency, a boom was started in Georgetown, which, with the exception of the lull succeeding 1893, has steadily developed.

Mr. Fickling leaves a widow and a large family of sons and daughters.

Dr. L. M. Kuhns.

The remains of the Rev. L. M. Kuhns, D. D., who died Monday at the residence of his son-in-law, W. H. Bayly, chief clerk of the Pension Office, 2135 N. Street, north-west, were taken today for interment to Canton, Ohio. Funeral services will be held at Canton tomorrow.

Dr. Kuhns, who was an employee of the Pension Office, had been in failing health for several months, and for the past two weeks had been confined to his bed.

Dr. Kuhns was born near Leeburg, Pa., in 1826. He studied at Wittenberg College and Seminary, Springfield, Ohio, from which institution he entered the Lutheran ministry, being ordained, and also married, in 1852. The fifteenth anniversary of these two events was celebrated in June, 1902. Dr. Kuhns preached the sermon on that occasion at the Church of the Reformation, this city, and every member of the family being present.

In the beginning of his ministry Dr. Kuhns served churches at Leeburg, Pa., and Freeport, Pa., for fourteen years, in 1866 he went to Bellefonte, Ohio, remaining three years. From 1869 to 1884 he was pastor in Canton, Ohio. The late President McKinley was a warm personal friend. In 1886 he became pastor of the Lutheran Church at New Philadelphia, in the same State, remaining until 1888. The next year, his health having become much impaired, he came to Washington, and in 1890 he was employed in the census office. In latter years he has been in the Pension Bureau.

Besides Mrs. Kuhns, four children survive—Mrs. W. H. Bayly, with whom the deceased made his home since coming to Washington; Capt. Herman L. Kuhns, in Government service in Porto Rico; Mrs. George W. Barnes, of Chicago, and Mr. William T. Kuhns, of Baltimore.

Charles C. Moore.

Charles C. Moore, formerly a conductor on the Southern Railway, died at the Alexandria Hospital Monday. He was in the seventy-third year of his age. Mr. Moore was a native of Orange county, Va., and was the son of M. C. and Matilda Moore. His remains will be sent to Richmond for burial this evening.

Mrs. Agatha Kraft.

At Holy Trinity Catholic Church, corner Thirty-sixth and N. Streets northwest, requiem mass was celebrated Monday over the remains of Mrs. Agatha Kraft. She was a resident of Roanoke, Va., having moved there from Washington several years ago. She died on Sunday morning at Roanoke. Mrs. Kraft had reached her sixty-seventh year.

Before the remains were conveyed to the church, short services were held at 1213 Thirtieth Street northwest, the residence of Mrs. Faunce, a niece of Mrs. Kraft.

EDMONSTON'S—Home of the original "FOOT-FORM" Boots for Men, Women and Children.

A Special Sale of \$3.00 Wear Well Boots for Women at \$2.55

The selling started with vim, and will continue with cumulative force to the end of the week. Women have learned to appreciate the superior merits of "Wear Well" Boots. They are eminently stylish, and they have all the qualifications looked for in much more expensive footwear.

"Wear Well" Boots in all styles and all good leathers—sold regularly for \$3 and comparable with any \$3.50 shoes in the world—special for one week at

\$2.55

—Young Women's "Wear Well" Shoes, with one-lift heels, in sizes 2½ to 6. Special during this sale at

\$2.55

Children's "Wear Well" Shoes —at reduced prices this week only.

\$1.25 Shoes, \$1.05. \$1.50 Shoes, \$1.30. \$2.00 Shoes, \$1.60.

EDMONSTON'S, 1334 F Street, Phone Main 4114-Y.

FREE-HAND CONNECTION ON MEN AND MANNERS

The testimony in the merger case develops the fact that the Northern Securities Company was intended as a "holding company," for the purpose of holding a majority of the shares of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific. This would enable the shareholders to hold all the business at any rates they might see fit to charge.

"Hold" is a good old Anglo-Saxon word, and suggests tenacity of grip. When a man is hanging above a precipice, and to let go means death, we shout to him to "hold on," or, "don't let go your hold." For this very reason trusts have been compared to the devil fish, which has the most effective holding apparatus known in nature. By the way, why has not some greedy corporation ere now selected the devil fish as its device, with the motto: "That he shall take who has the power, And he shall keep who can?"

The legacy of 50,000 peetas left by the patriotic Archbishop of Valencia to the first Spanish general who shall invade this country and thrash our armies is not a regal sum, according to American standards. A peseta is about 19 cents, so that the entire 50,000 only amounts to \$950,000, approximately. But think of what a vast sum it will be by the time it is paid, with the accrued interest added!

Increased enrollment of 3,000 pupils in the public schools during the past year is an excellent showing. In general the report of the Board of Education to the District Commissioners shows a very satisfactory condition of the Washington schools, with every evidence of steady improvement. Two or three of the recommendations of the board call for passing comment. In the first place, if it were not ridiculous it would be shameful that there should be lack of sufficient room to accommodate all those who desire, or should be compelled, to attend school. It is a standing wonder that there should always be such a prodigality of money in the country for almost every other purpose, and that it should be slow in coming when teachers' salaries and new school buildings are in question. The public school is the rock upon which a government by the people rests. The more schools, the fewer almshouses and prisons.

In the second place, the age limit for the night schools shows much hardship, and should be abolished. We have spoken of this editorially, and are glad to notice that the board recommends, in its report, that the limit be removed. Night schools are a boon for those who work during the day and have no other opportunity for repairing the deficiencies of neglected youth and childhood. At present, pupils over twenty-one years of age are excluded from the night schools. Why should not a man or woman of twenty-two or twenty-five, or, indeed, of any age, be permitted to attend night school, and acquire those branches which he has learned so cruelly the need of? Why should the man or woman who has often been made ashamed because he or she cannot read be compelled longer to suffer from this lack?

It is told of Payard Taylor that when he was old he took up the study of Greek. A friend asked him what use he expected to make of Greek at his age, and he replied with sublime religious faith, "I expect to go on with it in the next world." There is something pathetic in the sight of an old person bending with gray head over the alphabet, but why should not the schools as well as the churches treat a man as though he had an immortal soul?

Christmas comes but once a year—Noel! Noel! Oh, how glad we are 'tis near, With its merry Yuletide cheer! Christmas comes but once, my dear, Noel! Noel!

If it came two times, I fear We'd be broke the livelong year.

This man Carlisle, who has been sojourning in Washington for a short space, seems to have been a first-class hypnotist, but he lacked judgment in the application of his uncanny powers. Why did he not, instead of hypnotizing people out of money, and thus laying himself open to the charge of grand larceny, seek out some millionaire, fix him with glittering eye, and influence the

rich man to make a will in the hypnotist's favor? It has been done.

The attempt to restore life after a man had been four hours dead, made the other day in Cleveland, Ohio, was a failure. Whatever the doctors believe or assert, the laity will hardly credit that the dead have ever been brought back to life by human means. Remarkable cases of resuscitation have occurred, it cannot be disputed, restoring to consciousness persons seemingly dead; but it is hard to believe that the breath of life had actually departed. By careful nursing and blowing one can sometimes cause a fire to blaze up that had died away to a very tiny and feeble spark. But when the fire has really gone out, no amount of blowing will rekindle it.

Standard Oil and Consolidated Gas dividends make the Rockefeller and their associates several millions richer. That's blessed news this Christmas season, when we are all rejoicing in each other's good fortune. Let us look at the bright side. Even if turkeys do run up to 20 cents a pound, we can remember that Rockefeller is several millions more to the good, and feel glad over that.

It will not detract any from Herbert Spencer's fame that his body has been refused admission to Westminster Abbey. There are many smaller men than Spencer interred there, and his ashes will be in good company on the outside.

Jacob A. Rils has indeed found the spots in our city that we are all ashamed of. They exist in every other city of any size, and are a relic of barbarism. It is one of the most hopeful signs of the times that so much attention is being given to the better housing of the poor. The time was, not so very long ago, when they were left to rot and freeze and starve, and nobody cared.

Alaska is one of the amazing facts of the present century," said Burton Holmes yesterday afternoon, introducing the last of his series of travel talks at the Columbia Theater. It may be added that Alaska is a most interesting fact, when presented by this pleasing raconteur. The lecture yesterday was the second on Alaska, the audience being transported in imagination from Lake Benet, at the headwaters of the Yukon, down the rapids and through the canyons, to Dawson, the metropolis of the Northwest Territory. A short sojourn in Dawson, a trip to the pioneer mines back of the city, and the journey was continued down the Yukon to St. Michaels, and across the Gulf of Alaska to Nome.

Every available seat in the Columbia was occupied and Mr. Holmes maintained the interest of his auditors for an hour and a half. The pictures were up to the standard and the human interest stories as pleasing as ever. To one who went over the White Pass or the Chilkoot and floated down the Yukon with the first pioneers yesterday's lecture was indeed a revelation. The shrill whistle of the locomotive echoes and re-echoes against the pine-covered hills which prior to 1897 were strangers even to a human footstep. So great is the change that has been wrought in these six years that were it not for the illustrations, the facts would be almost incomprehensible.

Motion pictures were interspersed here and there, adding materially to the realism. The audience was taken by stage to the famous Bonanza Creek where Klondike gold was first discovered, and to Cheechako Hill, where the Irishman's gold was found. A tenderfoot in quest of gold, found all the creeks and mountain streams staked out, and for lack of any place else to work, over his pick down in the very summit of this hill. His first shovelful netted him \$18, and within a month he had \$20,000 in bank.

HOLMES LECTURE SERIES CLOSES WITH ALASKA

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Every available seat in the Columbia was occupied and Mr. Holmes maintained the interest of his auditors for an hour and a half. The pictures were up to the standard and the human interest stories as pleasing as ever. To one who went over the White Pass or the Chilkoot and floated down the Yukon with the first pioneers yesterday's lecture was indeed a revelation. The shrill whistle of the locomotive echoes and re-echoes against the pine-covered hills which prior to 1897 were strangers even to a human footstep. So great is the change that has been wrought in these six years that were it not for the illustrations, the facts would be almost incomprehensible.

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